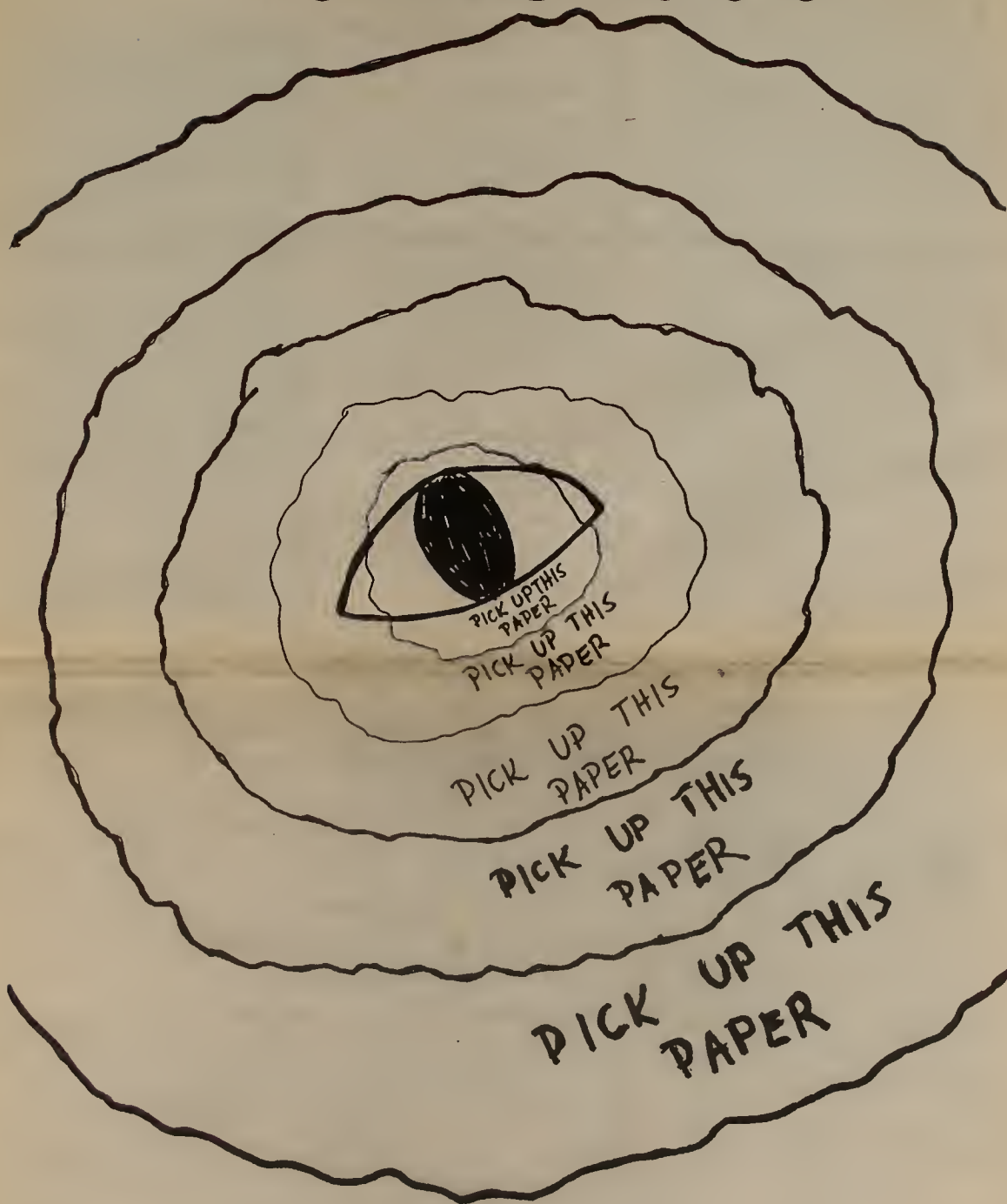


# The Innis Herald





The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1A5.



INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## Editorial

### Treasures In The Recesses Of My New Desk

It's spring cleaning time at the *Herald* office. Time to get rid of the old and bring in the new (staff included). With the reshuffling of deities here at the *Herald*, I figured it was time to find out exactly what was lurking behind the desks and in the corners of our incredibly cluttered office.

I started by recycling 25 boxes of old newspapers. (This alone made the office three times bigger.) On the newly liberated shelves of the bookcase I stacked old, musty books that were hiding in boxes under one of the tables. Titles like *Martian Time Warp*, *Sex and Drugs*, *One-Volume Bible Commentary*, several volumes by Harry Harrison, and even a copy of *The Fountainhead*. I also found a lovely composite picture of the graduating class of 1984. Full colour, too!

It's obvious that packrats abound at the *Herald*. I unearthed a camera flash (broken, of course), a typewriter (broken, of course), a curtain rod (broken, of course), a clock radio (broken, of course), various

unidentifiable objects (I'm sure they're broken, too), and not one single pen that worked. There were postcards of the Taj Mahal, letters addressed to the same person as on the return address, several brands of rolling papers, and a pair of underwear belonging to a former editor.

The *Herald* office has coffee stains on the walls, missing floor boards opening to a void (I've lost several things down there), and the door is falling off. There are filing cabinets screaming "clean me!", forgotten bits of hash on the floor, rolls of toilet paper in the desk drawers, and even a violin case perched on top of the heating vent. I didn't even know it was there until I happened to look up at the ceiling last week. (I haven't yet mustered the courage to open it.) Rumour even has it that there's an answering machine in the office. (I've been searching for weeks, no luck.) There's still one desk whose drawers won't budge. If I could just open it, I'm convinced I'll find...something.

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Judy Josefowicz

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### Computer, Business, and Layout Advisor

Glen Fujino

### Submissions Coordinator

John Slonim

### Contributors

John Anderson, Ash, Jeanne Body, Carolyn Fell, Philip Howard, Chris Hunter, John Hunter, Loretta Johnson, Minesh Mandoda, Joey Schwartz, David Slonim, John Slonim, Dale Summers

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--Special thanks to the Lone Amigos for their support.

## Letters to the Editor

The Innis Herald has an open letter policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no libelity is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

Dear John Slonim,

While your column on the I.C.S.S. was amusing, it probably would have been funnier had you actually put any research time in. The "socialists" you point out in the college are not actually members of the I.C.S.S. but the Innis College Council (I.C.C.). The I.C.C. is made up of staff, students, and administration and is the governing body of Innis college. The I.C.S.S. is the student council consisting solely of students. If being a communist means having an awareness of the actual workings of college government, you could stand to take some lessons from your pinko friends.

Yours,  
Clare Thompson  
V.P. Gov't  
I.C.S.S.



*Since there were no other Letters, we decided to honour the only person who bothered to answer last issue's poll. Here's his entire reply:*

### THE OFFICAL HERALD POLL

1. Circle one:

MALE

FEMALE

2. What year are you in: 1 2 3 (4) lost count

3. Name your favorite band: COCTEAU TWINS

4. Name your favorite movie: BRAZIL

5. Name your favorite book: GORMENGHAST

6. Name your favorite Politician: HA!

7. (a) If you are male: Do you like wearing condoms during sex?

(b) If you are a female: Do you like using condoms while having sex?

YES (NO)

explain: CONSTRUCTION, AND LOSS OF SENSATION - DON'T WORRY-VD IS NOT A PROBLEM.

8. Name your favorite cusine: INDIAN

9. Name your favorite radio station: CKLN

10. Are you in favor of legalizing (recreational) drugs: YES

11. Are you single: NO

12. If you were American who would you have voted for: CLINTON

13. Why do you read this paper: CAUSE IT DEALS WITH MUCH MORE IMPORTANT STUFF THAN THE VARSITY

When completed please drop off in either the Innis Herald office (room 305, third floor above caf. or in the Innis Herald mailbox, in main office.)  
by John Slonim



# Innis News -----

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## Scandal!!! Innis Inconvenienced by Interpol

### SPECIAL TO THE HERALD

It had been brought to this reporter's attention that what has been suspected at Innis for years is, in fact, true. Reliable sources have confided to this reporter that diabolical U of T engineers, employed by Interpol, have, and have had in operation for at least that past two years, a standard Extra-Jugular Fusion 3X 6000 (energy sucking device) placed directly under the pit. Sources say that the purpose of this apparatus is to prevent Innis

students from taking over the world.

The reckless enthusiasm from naive Innis students is then directly fused into the staff of the *Varsity*, thus explaining their hyperconscious zeal for irrelevant news. Luckily, by reading the *Herald*, you have sought out a safe and headier refuge from this abomination of nature.

Informants say that the liaison between Innis and Interpol, responsible for this monstrous infringement of justice, is none other than our own SAC president hopeful, Sandy Oh. The proceeds gained from this rash and dirty deed are unknown. Oh (alias: Mr. "O") was unavailable for comment.

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### A quote from our prez...

"The only difference between teaching and a 9 to 5 job is that it's not 9 to 5."

-Sandy Oh, ICSS president

## UPCOMING INNIS EVENTS

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**FEB 24** **BAND PUB**  
Project 9  
Alvy  
Phoenix Park

\*\*\*\*\*

**MARCH 6** **INNIS FORMAL**  
Marriott Hotel

\*\*\*\*\*

**MARCH 19** **PRE-SEASON  
BLUE JAY GAME  
vs. L.A. Dodgers**

\*\*\*\*\*

**MARCH 24** **YEAR-END PUB**

Don't be a nerd! Come out to  
these Innis Events!

## Free Friday Films!!

by Joey Schwartz, CINSSU President

The University of Toronto's Cinema Studies Students' Union (CINSSU) and the Students' Administrative Council (SAC), are jointly presenting their FREE FRIDAY FILMS series. All screenings will take place at the Innis Town Hall, at the corner of St. George Street and Sussex Ave (just north of Robarts Library). Starting time is 7 pm every Friday night.

Free Friday Films will include special screenings and thematically linked film series. Our February series is Black History Month, which will include such films as Spike Lee's *Do The Right Thing*, and Isaac Julian's *Looking For Langston*. Then there will be REEL Shakespeare. This series will present baroque (read: liberal) adaptations of Shakespeare's plays: *King Lear* (Akira Kurosawa's *Ran*), and *Macbeth* (Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*).

Besides screening serious films, we also programme light-hearted, entertaining movies such as *Groundhog Day* (February 5th), and Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* (April 16th).

So come out and enjoy the wide range of films offered by CINSSU and SAC: remember, the films are absolutely FREE!

See you Friday night at 7 pm!

## CINEMASTUDIES

WHAT IS CINEMA? SPROCKETSCAHERSDUCINEMADAVIDCRONENBERGMAXCINERAMA  
MAXLINDERCAMERAOBSCURAALFREDHITCHCOCKHUACOBENWOODLEWISCHES  
CINEMAVERITIZOOMPANWPEMETROPOLISMELODRAMAMAYADERENDWGRIFTHUFA  
DISCOURSEJEANLUIGODARDWEEKENDBRECHTNOUVELEVAGUECINEMASCOPEMPDPA  
INNISFILMNOIRFRITZLANGHOWARDHAWKSWARNERDADASUBJECTOBJECTSMISHPAN  
ODESSASTEPSYNECDOCHESURREALISMPETERGREENAWAYDOROTHYHARNERTYPAGE  
AUTEURISMSTARSYSTEMBIGFIVEBLUEVELVETNICHOLASRAYNEOREALISMSHRIKEI  
DOUGLASSIRKSCIENCEFICTIONCLOSEUPRISIRVINGTHALBERGTHELUMIEREBROS  
VLADIMIRPOPEASTMANCOLORADOASKEIKNORLMDENYSARCANDANDYWARHOLLOZU  
EMPTYSIGNIFIERMOTHERSAMUELFULLERMICHAELSNOWBILLYBITZERTOKYOSTORY  
JOHNNYGUITARIBIRTHOFANATIONSTANBRADHAGEPOETICREALISMSYNTAGMASCENE  
GREGGTOLOANDFLASHBACKDAGUERROTYPEDOCUMENTARYNELLSHIPMANDEHIBITION  
DZIGAVERTOMARGUERITEURASMAARGARETHEVONTROISTAGGEOACHFEITSHISM  
VOYEURISMFREDRICOFFELINICLAUDELEVISTRAUSSJEANPAULBELMONDOWESTERN  
ORSONWELLESPSYCHOGEORGESMELESACKIMPRESSIONISMPANDROSBERMANTAXI  
DRIVERRUDOLPHARNHEIMBALLETMECHANIQUECLASSICALAMERICANCINEMALACAN  
MACSENNETTIZETANTODOROVJEANRENOIRTECHNICOLORJOHNGREGSONMARINE  
CINSSUFASSBINOULLALLEGUNBLACHERASHOMONJEANPIERRELEAUDMAGNIFICENT  
JEANLOUSCOPPOPHILLAMISEENSEEISENSTEINLAURAMULVEYDISTRIBUTION  
PRODUCTIONJEANCOCTEAUACQUILCOUTARDEQUARTISSELEDEFORSTECOLUMBIA  
HENRILANGOISFESTIVALOFFESTIVALSINNISFILMSOCIETYMOLLYHASKELLSTOP  
HAYSOFFICECHARUECHAPLINFORMALSAGITPROPJANEFUERTEJERTOWNHALLUGESU  
MONOGATARSHKOTCOINTERSHOTACULWALSHCITIZENKANEVONSTROHEMREALISM  
LUSBLINLEEDSATHRAMBOCHANTALAKERMANPETERWERNATHANATAYLORKINETSCOPE  
RTWIKGHATAATRAMBOCHANTALAKERMANPETERWERNATHANATAYLORKINETSCOPE  
A BOUTDESOUFFLEBERNARDHERMANNJEANPESTINEJEANVIGO--STARWARSELVIS  
FRAMEWIDEANGLEMUSICALGERMANIEDULACHUGOMONTSTERNBERGBUSTERKEATONFOX  
VSEVOLODPUDOVKINANDREBAZINMBICVCLTHIEVESCESAREZAVATININIPURNNAU  
NOSFRATRUHOLLYWOODCOURTSHIPSMANWITHAMOVIECAMERABERGMANUOHNFORDLENS  
SEMIOLOGICALJASLIVREMANUNSETBOULEVARDPARISALPHAVILLEJEWISONMOGUL  
STOCKBLACKANDWHITENICKLODEONGREEDISONMEYERHOLDMYTHOLOGIESCOPE  
METZANTONIONROLANDBARTHESANAMORPHICREANDTHATNOTALLFOLKS...

## A T U O F T CINSSU

## THE CINSSU EYE FEBRUARY

14 Identification of a Woman (Antonioni, 82) 6:00*	15 521 The Terence Davies Trilogy (Davies, 83) 6:30*	16 Distant Voices, Still Lives (Davies, 82) 6:30*	17 The Long Day Closes (Davies, 92) 6:30*	18 A Better Tomorrow (Woo, 86) 6:30*	19 We Won't Grow Old Together (Pulst, 72) 6:30*	20 La Grosse Ouvreuse (Pulst, 74) 6:30*
21 Get Three Out (Astrakhan, 91) 1:30*	22 Graduate First (Pulst, 78) 6:30*	23 Loulou (Pulst, 80) 6:30*	24 Dead The Dead When They Are Cold (Jungnickel in person) 8:00* (Lucid)	25 New York Eye & Ear Control (Snow, 64) 7:30*	26 Do The Right Thing (Lee, 89) CINSSU 7:00 FREE	27 Sumame Viel Given Name Nam (Trinh T. Minh-Ha, 89) CINSSU 7:00 FREE
28 The Raven (Cioran, 43) 5:30*	29 L'escombe Lucien (Malle, 74) 5:30*					

T1 = Innis Town Hall (All CINSSU screenings held in Town Hall)

\* Cinematheque, Jackman Hall, Art Gallery of Ontario, 317 Dundas W

† Pleasure Dome - at the Eucled Theatre, College & Eucled, and Cinecycle

‡ Innis Film Society, Innis Town Hall (Except November 6, Cinecycle, 317 Spadina Ave, Rear Entrance)

§ NFB - John Spotton Cinema, 150 John Street (S of Queen)

¶ Lucid Theatre, 394 Eucled Avenue



# Random Thoughts Vehicles, Vegetarians, and Virtues

by Philip Howard

The place of meats in a consumer's diet is a common ethical problem. However, many people do not realise that the use of the light automobile is a greater threat to the environment than red meat.

As a means of sustenance, meat and animal by-products are irreplaceable. If the ethic of the vegetarian is that nothing contributing to the general pain and suffering of animals is acceptable, then it is impossible to be a true vegetarian because there are so few consumer goods that are not at least

indirectly connected to animal fats or animal testing. A pure vegetable diet is not a reasonable expectation for human populations.

The only way to make the eating habit ethically coherent is by empirically judging the relative contributions of products to the degradation of environmental or human conditions. It's the most viable argument in the case of red meats, the product of denuded rainforests and an incredibly inefficient form of bioenergy.

Automobiles, especially the light automobiles, are the greatest consumer farce in the

history of capitalist development. They assume a significant portion of global energy resources and contribute a major amount to greenhouse-effect gases and air pollution. The birth rate of the light vehicle is greater than that of humankind. According to *World Resources* 1990-19, burning a single tank of gasoline produces 300-400 pounds of carbon dioxide, and accounts for 15% of the world's CO2 output.

Thus, both the consumption of cars and red meat represent the success of a great commercial farce and self-

propitiating capitalist industry.

Within the empirical ethic framework, both items also have similar places. It is not possible to remove all direct and indirect animal products from today's society, any more than it is possible to remove forms of fossil-fueled transport. Small cars and red meats represent the clearest and most direct cause of environmental degradation.

Finally, can moral weight be assigned to one item over the other? Small automobiles, as the greater polluter, as a crucial part of the modern industrial machine, are the greater fiend.

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# Reminiscing About Dad's Farts and Smoking Dope

by David Slonim

Somewhere between childhood and old age, we, as individuals, grow cognizant of a world beyond Parentville. We itch to explore and discover, and ultimately, after a period of time fraught with tension, guilt, and hangovers, we pack the emotional baggage and step away from the house and its rules.

Now, the house you knew you'd miss. The mattress is always lumpier away from home, and even though Teddy may get traded in for a cover-stealing warmbody, deep down, even those shunning sentimentality occasionally flash back to Mom's hot chocolate, or Dad's farts, or both. Yeah, the house you knew you'd miss, but not the rules. No, you were going to lock them up. I'm an adult, I don't need rules.

Ma and Pa made up rules so we could become good adults. They made us eat broccoli so we could get physically strong, they broadened our intellectual horizons by making sure we memorized multiplication tables. We were runny-nosed and pubicless, and while we sometimes questioned the rules (especially the curfew ones) we never questioned the parent's power to create and enforce them. It was their job; we, as kids, were too naive to rule ourselves, not to mention find clothes, shelter or food. So what resulted was fair for both parties: let us live and we'll be cute and follow (and learn) the rules.

Ok, I'm an adult, I'm all grown up, the government has decided that I'm mature enough to vote, or pay taxes, or drink, or get blown up in Bosnia. Also as an adult I now have to follow adult rules. Mom and Dad did their best, and then they let go. They said "here, this is your life, you are in

control, we tried to mold you when you were small and dumb enough to manipulate, but that's it. You're in charge now."

Now, of course, society has to draw up rules to define borders which allow individuals in the system to live. Most rules are created as deterrents to prevent people from harming others in a way they wouldn't, themselves, want to be harmed. Society prosecutes murderers, drunk drivers, or thieves not for what they are doing, but because of the damage (or risk of damage) to another member of society. These rules are fine, most rules that oppress anarchy usually are.

But when will society stop feeding us broccoli? There's not much credit given for an individual's ability to judge and come to intelligent conclusions. It's bad enough that a large portion of the population rushes to organized religion (for a ready-

made, paint-by-number, time-rusted way to feel and act) after they realize that Mom and Dad are never going to wipe their asses again; society should leave the rest of us alone. We are adults, so let us decide if we should wear seatbelts, get stoned, perform bizarre sexual acts, or put a bullet through our own heads.

I like the warnings on cigarette packs. Ones like "Smoking Harms The Baby". Why not put them on packages of dope: "Smoking This Hash Will Leave You Too Paranoid To Venture Outside", it'll sort of be like your mom standing on the verandah holding your warm underwear as you step towards the unknown. "Here son, take it if you want it, it'll keep you from getting a cold."

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# Ashenomics

by Ash

With the new smoking laws coming into effect we are being given, once again, a new lesson in human stupidity. There are now basically four places where a smoker can smoke: eating and drinking establishments; his home; his car; and out in the -100 degree weather. The logic of these new laws is to eventually abolish smoking from our society like prohibition abolished drinking (yeah, right...). As a smoker I am offended. I have a job where I work eight hour shifts with no breaks substantial enough to go outside. As I work at a gas station, going outside is highly inadvisable, even if I did get a break from traffic long enough. Under the notice at my work extolling the new law of no smoking in the workplace, there is a helpful comment reading, "For assistance, call the Lung

Association". Fuuuuuck you! This situation forces me to do something I have never done before: break the law. Well, other than traffic violations, I mean... I resent the fact that this is my only option other than, of course, quitting. (Could happen. Good. Reality). Now that I've had my first taste of rebellion I am a regular Al Capone. I smoke everywhere, other than the Pit of course, as I respect the right of that bonehead who complained vs. the thirty smokers (ahhh. Democracy). I even smoke, God help me, in the Eaton Centre.

The way I see it, it is a classic case of good parenting. If parents say "no" to everything, the child will do whatever she wants. If parents have reasonable rules for logical reasons, the child will respect those rules. All these new laws accomplish are a breakdown of existing laws. Smokers don't give a shit about anything now.

Personally, I don't think the laws have anything to do with concern about our health. I think it's just another adventure in "stick it to the smoker". I'm expecting another tax hike any minute, which, by the way, promotes unlawful deeds also, as any smoker in his right mind smokes black marketeered American cigarettes.

I think that it's noble of our country to want to extinguish cigarettes (pardon the pun) from our lives, but it is my body. If I want to kill myself it's my right. And don't you fascist non-smokers tell me that I don't have the right to pollute you, as if there weren't enough non-smoking establishments around today (As if). We have to deal with offensive situations everyday: bad breath; appalling B.O., and obscene fashion combinations. My answer to the smoking dilemma is this: if you don't like it don't sit the fuck beside me! I have faith in the fact that there is enough oxygen to go around...

YOUR ARTICLE  
could be on  
THIS PAGE!

Write for the  
*Herald*!

## What I think...

I think that all politicians should have at least two philosophy courses and a genius IQ before they're allowed to run for office. Also, anyone with a rigid set of morals should not be allowed into any level of government. To quote Oscar Wilde: "Any preoccupation with ideas of what is right or wrong in conduct shows a arrested intellectual development."



# Jerks, Pukers, and Assholes - Two Sides of the Same Coin

by John Slonim

Could there really be that many stupid people in the world? The list we can create seems endless. It's rush hour, and you're driving home, taking the sluggish paced Bloor St., and having to stop at an endless number of lights. Just when things seem at their most frustrating, a compact automobile takes the left lane. Inevitably you wait for the driver to come to a parked car and then cut in front of you, what a stupid jerk. You're at a slow party when some frosh has over-guzzled. Inebriated, the frosh proceeds to hit on the nearest moving target until the spinning sensation causes him to vomit on the living room floor, what a pathetic, stupid loser. Sitting back in the corner of your Russian Literature class, you hear a classmate ask, in their most "adult" voice, a question that is neither simple nor smart, what a stupid pompous goof. Returning to the

car, you're the second automobile lined up at a red light, and just as it goes to green, the car in front of you turns their left signal on, what a stupid inconsiderate bastard/bitch.

We are all alive. We all make judgment values. Playing pool at Eddy's, I look up and see two guys walk in. They both have that stocky look, U of T caps, cotton pullovers and nice Levi's blue jeans. The first thing I see is the 'look', you know that smug look that says I'm Too Good to Be Here. After the initial rush, I dismiss them as assholes and proceed to give them dirty looks all night. Perhaps, on further reflection, my initial feelings stemmed from my own feelings of insecurity. When they walked in I immediately placed them above me and then compensated by putting them down. Maybe, I secretly want to be short and stocky and look like a thousand other guys who attend U of T. If, instead of hating them, I'd've gone up to them and started a conversation, we would have become friends. Fuck, they go to U of T and are playing pool and stuff.

You ever have one of those nights when you go to a club and it seems like everyone knows each other except you? After a few minutes the only thing you're thinking is, is it you? Is it You?

\*\*\*\*\*

Have you ever been stuck in the situation where you start getting frustrated at the slow pace of traffic and you decide to take the right lane, even though you know there's going to be a parked car impeding your way very shortly? Do you know that guilty pleasure you get as you inch past three patient drivers and then buck back into the left lane? I always feel like I'm beating the system. Do you remember when you were in first year and you had to much to drink at an adult party? God, I felt like the biggest most pathetic, stupid, loser. Remember the sink Dave? Andre 'member when you puked on your shoes? Later on those became my favourite memories from first year. Have you ever been sitting in class, thinking of a good question to contribute to the discussion, and then

asked a question that had nothing to do with what you had practiced in your head? The sickly feeling that everyone is dismissing you as just another pompous jerk. Man, I fuckin' hate that.

Have you ever been driving around in neighbourhood you've never been to before, looking for your friends place? First of all you're driving real slow looking for the street, which pisses off all the other drivers, then you have to make a left turn practically as you hit the right street. I always feel like dirt when that happens.

Have you ever been to a party where it feels like you know everyone but you don't want to talk to any of them? You're having a shitty time and all around you everyone is getting drunk and laughing. So you pretend like your having fun and drink and laugh while actually you're hating it. Have you ever? Huh?

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Legacy of Lola

by Philip Howard

There are rumours around Innis that Lola, the subject of that classic Kink's rock song, was in fact a transvestite. This rumour is like the story of how the cover of *Sgt. Pepper's* reveals Paul McCartney's impending death. It is a falsehood - nothing more than an expression of the heterosexual angst felt by some members of Innis' heterosexual community. They are guilty of projecting their heterosexual anxiety onto an ageless song of twenty-five years ago.

First, the song always refers to Lola with the pronoun "she", even after it is supposedly revealed that she might be a "he". But, for insecure people, the crucial lines of the song are the following:

I'm not dumb but I can't understand  
why she walked like a woman  
and talked like a man;

and  
I'm not the world's most  
passionate man,  
but I know what I am in the bed  
I'm a man,  
and so is Lola.

The first lines only suggest that she has a deep voice. The second set of lines is only confusing due to its poor grammar. By that sentence, Lola is either a) not the world's most passionate man; or b) aware of what she is in the bed. It might be more appropriate to sing "...I know what I am in the bed I'm a man, and so does Lola, meaning that she also knows what she is in the bed.

There is evidence to indicate that Lola was female. These lines would mean that Lola is not part of the jumbled up world of human sexuality:

Boys will be girls and girls will be boys  
it's a mixed up, jumbled up,  
shook-up world  
except for Lola.

Taken in their historical context, these lyrics betray the notion that sexual identity is only a series of contrasts. Lola, as the sexual opposite of the song's narrator, is going to help that person find his sexual character:

I'd never kissed a woman before,  
but Lola smiled and took me by the hand,  
and said "pretty boy, going to make you a man".

With confusing grammar, heterosexuals are manipulated into disclosing their insecurities when they struggle to identify Lola in relation to their own sexuality. Lola, as a fictional character, is confidently female, and it is her confidence that confronts and scares some people. Those foolish enough to believe that full sexual confidence is anything other than fictional, are also those who believe that Lola must have been a transvestite.



## Call Me Stupid, ...Actually, Don't

By Carolyn Fell

I should really preface this article by mentioning that I have never worked on or submitted anything to the *Herald* before. So I was kind of shocked and happy when Judy (new *Herald* Goddess) asked me to be the layout editor. I mean, I've done this kind of thing before but not at this kind of level. So if you hate the layout, keep it to yourself because you certainly don't want to crush my enthusiasm.

The reason I included that preamble was to set up the short list of occurrences that started to make me feel stupid, because the first was at my first computer training session with Judy. I'd like to admit that I felt an overwhelming sense of relief when I saw that we were going to be using a Mac instead of an IBM or some other thing I don't understand, but I feel it would be wrong of me if I did. The Macintosh was the computer of my

youth. It is the computer that brought me out of the dark closet that I had cowered in for so long; where I lingered hoping unrealistically that I would never have to use one. After the Mac, I respected all computers of all kinds, thinking at the time, "I am smart, I can use a computer, oh joy". To make a long story short, I learned what 'user friendly' meant too late in life to save myself from a lifetime of computer illiteracy.

When I told Judy how happy I was that we were going to use a Mac she sneered vehemently and growled, "Yeah? Well like a computer to treat me like an adult!" I was shattered and had to immediately run to the loo for a good cry.

Is it me? Am I the only one who embraces the Mac as the only computer simple enough for me to understand instead of believing it to be an insult to my intelligence? Am I stupid?

The second thing that happened (that same week actually) was a discussion going on in one of my classes about a guest speaker that was coming in the following week. The guest was one of the editors from *NOW* magazine, Ellie Kirzner. Someone said something about the extreme intelligence of *NOW* as compared to the silly, dumb, stupid, primary and immature stuff that is in *Eye*. Everybody laughed uproariously. I felt as though they were all looking at me and that they knew. They knew that I actually found some stuff in *Eye* funny. I felt tears burning the back of my eyelids as I gasped for air hoping against hope that nobody would notice. That nobody would know.

I would like to save myself from being completely ostracized by the academic and art community by saying that I only read *Eye* when *NOW* isn't around and I have nothing better to read. I do, however, find it

gives me a good chuckle when I do read it.

I make myself feel better by telling myself that it isn't me. That everyone else are actually great big fat snobs. Even so, as I fall asleep at night I hear myself, as though lost in another world, sleepily muttering, "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough..."

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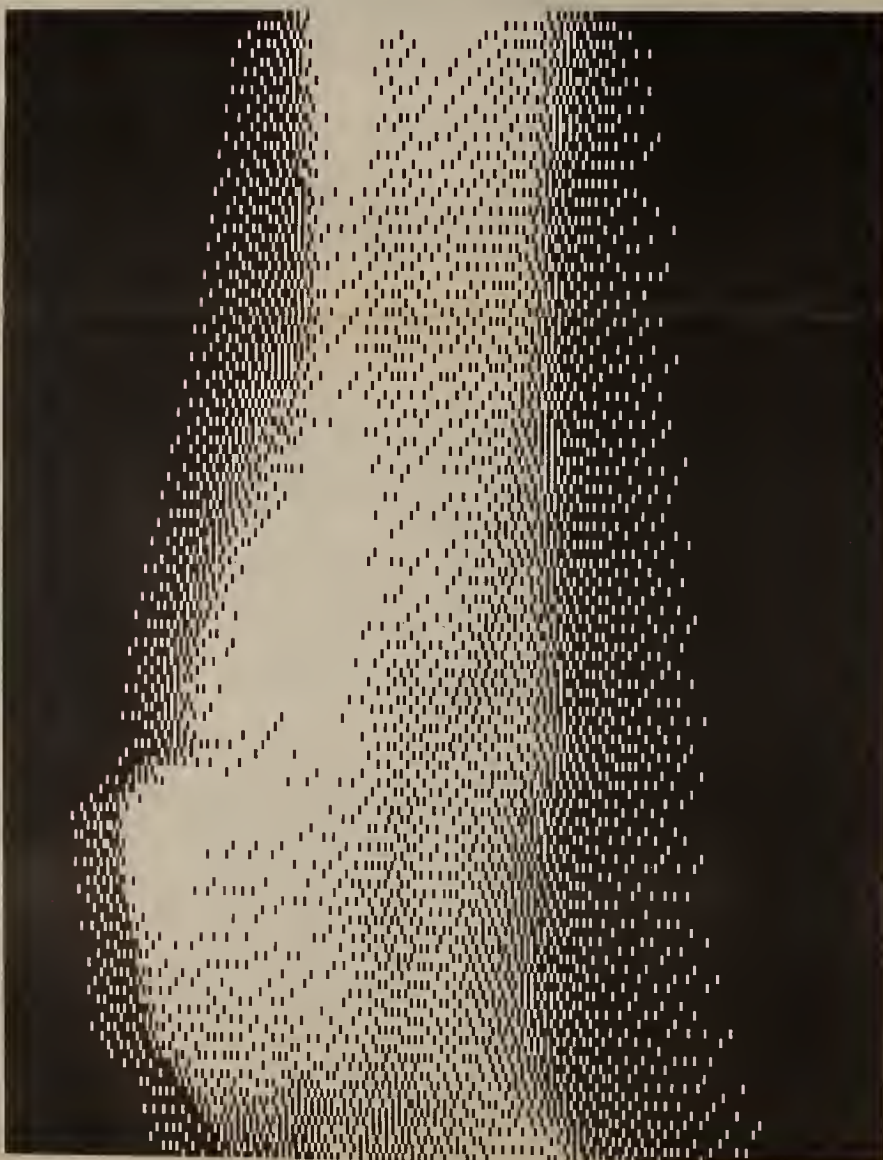
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# CONTEST!!!

Can you identify this body part?





We at the *Innis Herald* have some new toys! We just bought ourselves a SCANNER, which is like a really cool hand-held photocopier-like thingie that lets us scan pictures straight into the computer. Remember when really silly people used to photocopy parts of their bodies? Well, we have taken this ridiculous practice to new levels of technology!! (Welcome to the '90's, kids!) Just name the body part that we scanned in, and win **fabulous prizes!** One name will be drawn from all of the correct responses. The draw will be held Monday, March 1, 1993 at 5:15 p.m. in the Herald office, room 305, Innis College, West wing. Prizes are yet to be determined. This contest is not open to the *Herald* staff, nor family and friends thereof.



# Fiction and Poetry

## I Saw A Gory Murder

### What To Do With A Severed Head

by Fifi Duval

So there we were, th' four o' us in a swamp in th' dead o' night with a severed head in our bail bucket. S'funny how things begin t'seem real threatenin' when you've just seen a murder...or even when anybody dies. Ev'ry splash, ev'ry movement in th' brush caught our eye. My heart was poundin' fit t' bust an' I could feel my eyes strainin' t' open extra wide so's I wouldn't miss a trick. In my mind's eye I could still see th' machete comin down into that ugly guy's chest like it was slicin' into some big overripe persimmons that sprays juice everywhere. And lordy did it ever spray. When Leeza, Ben, Hair n' I got back to my boathouse and turned on the light, we found that we'd been splattered with lil' flecks o' blood. Lookin' back on alla this I feel my breath comin' short, but it's nothin' to what I felt at the time: shiverin' an' shakin' an' wantin' to wet my britches. I tried t' concentrate on gettin' home, but I kept thinkin' about all the things that go hand in hand with death in these parts... money, racism, fendin' or organized crime. What I had just personally witnessed could as soon provoke mine. Self-preservation seems t' accomp'ny adrenaline, an' I pondered ev'ry aspect o' the followin' question over my head: "how's this cold blooded killin' fect me?" As you bet your ass I wer'n't th' only one ponderin', neither.

All four o' us had, "la chair d'poule." That means goose bumps. Yeah, our parents speak French. I prayed t' Jesus (tho' it ain't never done nobody no good) that my

parents'd be asleep when we come home; my Pa n' Ma usually keep weird hours. They're both night owls, an what's more Pa has an evil eye. Y' can't put nothin' over it. Reckon its 'cause he hisself was a devil catcher when he was young. He still looks like one, with that crazy "fuck you" tatoo on his left forearm. Ev'ryone thinks he got it when he was young, but he got it 'bout three years ago really. He says it's, "Open to interpretation," 'cause he got a plumb weird sense o' humor which I b'lieve he picked up in 'Nam in '67. He doesn't go on about it though... but he easily could since he's home all day long. He gets 'Vet's allowance," and jokes that he gets mental disability compensation for being too fucked up to work... the ol' guy musta faked 'em out somehow, 'cause they still send 'im checks and his limp was never that bad. In-comin' shrapnel screwed it up, so now he mostly reads, fishes, swims, cooks an' grows pot in our barn out back (he put a skylight in it). When he don't wanna clean up his newspapers or do th' dishes or somthin' he'll put on a spraddle-leg limp an' say, "ooh, my ol' war wound is painin' me somthin' feirce!" That's why he's got a bit of a belly-- he really can't move too fast. My bro' Harrison and I' re lucky, tho' it can be a pain in th' ass havin' yo' Pa at home 24 hours a day. He got a satellite dish recently so he can watch all th' movies an' sports w' my Uncle. Our nickname for Pa is "Poppa Doc Duvalier," but my Ma calls 'im Bert.

Sometimes she calls him Bertrand when she's mad at him, which's usually when we have comp'ny (which's hardly ever 'cept fo' my Uncle-- there's a reason folks live out here in th' sawmps, far away from pryin' eyes). It's hard to take my Ma serious when she gets ornery tho', 'cause her French accent is so strong and she always musses up. We speak English in our family al tho' Hair n' I learned t' speak French when we where younguns... it's just that my Ma's French's so dif'rent it's hard t'unnerstand so we all jus' speak English. She never spoke nothin' but French before she came down to Louisiana, whereas my purebred Cajun Paspoke both languages since he was lil'. Also, her French's so dif'rent 'cause she's from Manitoba Canada an' her accent is native an' therefo's dif'rent in that respect, too. She calls it "Métis". She an' Gran'mere Juli came to Louisiana jus' over 25 years ago when Gran'mere married a Southerner. She divorced him an' he died. My Ma's real Pa is dead, too. Gran married a couple more times but she's single again. She owns a Cajun restaurant that Pa helps out in. The tourists all think she's a Creole or somethin', not a Métis. She makes tasty vittles tho'. So does Pa. Ma don't cook that often. She ain't home as much as Pa. She manages a second-hand store for th' owner, so we always get cool clothes an' furniture. Y'oughta see some o' th' swag people toss out! She also paints an' has a big garden by th' pond in our backyard. 'S easy t' make ponds in th' bayou - y' jus' dig up some dirt.

We can see th' house now, as me an' my bro n' Ben n' Leeza paddle up in th' flat boat. It's an old plantation house with 8 columns. I know whatchur

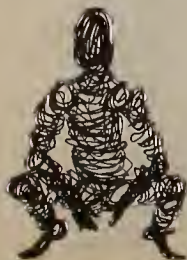
thinkin' but they ain't as big as they are wide; it's like they got false fronts. Them pillars make 'em look impressive, but they ain't that deep...about two rooms deep, I guess, not includin' th' foyer. I love livin' here, even tho' s' run down a lil' inside. It's homey. Pa keeps th' outside like new - he scrapes an' paints th' exterior ever' year, an' that's no small job. He also keeps th' huge front lawn meticulously manicured. Ma's in charge o' th' gardenin' an' we got beautiful flowers ever'where t' keep it lookin' purty fo' th' tourists who tour by here occasionally, t' check out "th' ol' South", an' feed alligators. My Pa's Ma (Gran'mere Pauline) still takes tourists on alligator feeds. She charges twenty bucks a head fo' that shit! Th' inside o' my house is another story, however. Ma restored all manor o' delicate antebellum antiques from th' shop so our furniture's special. Now she's reupholsterin' th' couch an' it's sittin' there half done. It has been for a few months. I think she's lost int'rest. Can't blame 'er. I think she oughts do as she pleases. That's what it's like down here, th' Big Easy, y'know, "Laissez-faire!" S' funny t' ruffle 'er feathers unless she wants ya to. Her name is Angeline and she is like an Angel, takin' evrr'thin' in stride. F'short, we call her Gigi. She named me Francine, and startd callin' me Fifi (Pa got t' name my lil' bro when he was born a year later). We all get along better 'n any family I ever knowed, but obviously we got troubles like ever'one else.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

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## The Duval Family

By John Hunter





# INNIS FORMAL

AT THE MARIOTT HOTEL

TICKETS \$25 FOR INNIS STUDENTS  
\$35 FOR NON INNIS STUDENTS

TICKETS GO ON SALE  
NOW

## Pain

by Jeanne Body

You wouldn't wake up.  
Door was locked, I screamed  
and screamed  
Banging my fist, kicking at this  
thing  
That kept us apart  
I even smashed the window.  
The sounds you made oh God  
I could hear and  
I grabbed the key-ring  
Frantic now, shaking, trying  
every one  
I could hear you. STOP IT  
Don't breathe like that!

Dad opened the door  
You lay like an angel  
Rifle across your wide chest  
Blood of an innocent reddened  
the pillow  
"He shot himself.  
In the head."

What? What? What? What?  
No! I cried  
Grabbing the walls, reeling  
Skittering from room to room  
Trembling, moving back, sitting  
down  
Standing up  
Ambulance came as we  
chainsmoked cigarettes

My brother, my brother, my only  
one  
The day you did this  
Was the day my youth left me  
And now  
I only want to talk with you  
Lying so quietly in your bed  
Please, I want you to hear  
Wake up, damn you  
Please wake up.

## What Didn't You Know

by Jeanne Body

Did you know  
I write poetry?  
yes, I write lots of shitty  
poems  
But I enjoy them, I write  
them only for myself

Did you know  
I once had a special  
place  
Close to my heart, my  
sanctuary  
Taken away from me  
Brutally and when I saw  
the shell  
I cried.

Did you know  
I have so many good  
feelings  
I'd like to share with  
someone  
But there are so few  
people out there  
Who would listen to me?

Did you know  
I waited by the phone  
For you to call me  
And never did you call.

Did you know  
I knew you'd break my  
heart  
No matter what  
happened?

## A Day Arrives As Yesterday Also

by Ash

the hours turn  
upon themselves  
time hurls us into night and but  
the day is up  
your voice has been emptied  
for me  
it has been brutally appraised  
before  
and swallowed  
in this bed  
So many tangles of mind are  
seething  
I do not release your  
oppressions for you  
our limbs are leathery  
our eyes weather worn  
we melt into each other  
and yet without  
revealings  
your chest is a clean sheet  
on which I can write my own  
history  
your breath smells sweetly  
of ancient fables  
told and  
retold

I can make no promisions  
my insight has been turned  
out  
I am left only  
with the gentle whispers of your  
body  
coating me like a web  
I have seen this all before  
I have seen this in the after  
the desperation the apathy  
I am not so young of mind  
to see only delusions  
it is too early  
it is too late  
we know already  
though the day has just begun  
how the story unfolds

## Later

by Jeanne Body

It's such a distance behind us  
But it can be yesterday for a second  
Or presently with me  
My soul can shudder and then  
You are there  
Staring at me, Lips moving  
Speaking into my deaf ears.

You can be standing beside me  
When I feel the cold bruising wind  
Chilling my hands and face.

You can be crying warm and salty  
tears  
When the rain whips and stings the  
trees  
Running down my face and neck.

In time, in months it's behind us, gone  
But I've talked to you only yesterday  
As I've spoken many times today  
My soul collapses  
You are here  
Staring at me, lips moving  
Speaking into my deaf ears.

## Hoping Against Hope

by Ash

i  
the voice in my head tells me a  
story of you  
it paints a portrait small enough  
to feel  
it whispers peculiars it chides  
regulars  
letting me in on the secret of  
your mind

I see you going home at night  
and sighing before you crawl  
into bed  
hoping through your dreams  
waking with wisdom on the tip of  
your mind  
you can see for just an instant  
you say yes I understand  
relief  
then it buries itself back in your  
rumpled blankets  
waiting  
you feel slightly eluded  
I can see you laughing with  
people  
and pointing out their obscurities  
all the while you cannot help  
thinking  
of what you've somehow  
misplaced

ii  
and I have dreams of twin  
brothers  
trying to kill each other  
and me trying to salvage them  
both  
I am shot by men I once loved  
I am raped by children  
and although I continue to fool  
myself  
the meanings behind are only  
too real

iii  
when you look at me  
you wonder why you let this  
start  
it would have started without  
you are hoping of ways to make  
it end  
it continues lavishly on

I long to touch you  
to have you concede  
but I also know that the voice I  
hear is lying  
a mere concoction  
it will never become  
so I throw myself into you  
harder pushing  
knowing the kill will be appalling  
but not knowing how else to  
tinish

iv  
I realise that it would be useless  
to collapse into each other  
but I cannot help  
looking at you  
I see a glimmer that seems so  
clear  
so perfect so simple  
but moments later the image  
drifts out  
as if I once had the words but  
they have left me  
it flutters away on laughing wings  
letting me understand for just an  
instant  
that hope is irrelevant

# Reviews

## Album Talk: 1992 Revisited

by John Anderson

It's time to talk about some of my favourite albums of 1992! Here we go...

**BONE MACHINE** - Tom Waits  
"The senators decapitate the presidential whore." What can I say.

**8098** - The Beautiful South  
"The perfect kiss is with the boy that you've just stabbed to death." Great pop with very ominous undertones. It's their best album. The album sleeve includes an unsettling Magritte-like painting for each song.

**THE LOOKS OR THE LIFESTYLE** - Pop Will Eat Itself  
"Gonna get the girl, gonna kill the baddies and save the entire planet!" Way cool. Lots better than "Cure for Sanity".

**CODE: SELFISH** - The Fall  
"chicken/People/reptile hybrids crossing your bedroom." The Fall discovers the synthesizer. Is it good? It's the Fall.

**RED HEAVEN** - Throwing Muses  
"He jump the backseat and sleep on the couch." Musically, this is more like their first album - neurotic melodies and prominent guitars. Lyrically, however, Kristin seems to be in a rut. Still, it's good.

**HIPOCRISY IS THE GREATEST LUXURY** - The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy  
"Any flag that's with a shit was woven from fire in the first place." Finally, a rapper who raps about those important political issues without once saying how many records he sells. And they do a great version of "California uber Alles". This is what God or Goddess created rap for. Way better than Consolidated (although "Play More Music" is pretty cool).

**ARKANSAS TRAVELER** - Michelle Shocked  
"If you want the best jam you got to make your own." Everyone playing on this blues folk groove-out is having a lot of fun, especially Michelle. I can hear her smiling. It's not as overtly political as her previous albums, but it's way more enjoyable.

**BACK AND FORTH SERIES TWO** - Skinny Puppy  
"My voice sounds like shit." This great compilation of their very early material features some tracks that sound like they were recorded with a cheap keyboard in a basement - just the beginnings of the best electronic band in the known world.

**INTERMIX** - Intermix  
Intermix is two of the guys from Frontline Assembly, and the music is like very early Frontline Assembly - slow electronic "industrial" rhythms and creepy melodies - and not like new Frontline Assembly (which I do not enjoy). It's good. Also check out the other FLA side project, Will, which is "ambient" spiritual music for the discerning Goth.

**THE LAST MAN TO FLY** - The Tear Garden  
"I would bet my missing shoe I'd bet my Geiger counter too." This is a collaboration between Legendary Pink Dots and Skinny Puppy. Weird electro prog rock. It's the best Tear Garden album, but then it's the only full length album they've released.

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122 greige

Wednesday, March 3,  
1993  
Cabana Room (Spadina  
Hotel)

with guest Urban  
Sprawl

9:30 pm, \$1

## Are you a starving student?

The Women's Centre, APUS and the Parent's Co-operative  
sponsor a

### Food bank

Every Tuesday from noon to 10:00 p.m.

(starts September 29th)

located at 49 St. George St. (Women's Centre)  
Open to all members of the U. of T. community

### Donations

The food bank relies on donations from students, staff and faculty. We especially need canned or dried non-perishable food to make nutritious meals, as well as baby food and diapers.

Drop-off boxes located at: Women's Centre, Roberts, Alumni Relations, Simcoe Hall, the Koffler Centre, Sigmund Samuel, Sidney Smith (ASSU office), Medical Sciences, Graduate Student Union, Northrop Frye, Hart House (SCM office).

Thanks for your support!

## A Student's Travel Guide to Coffee (And Other Things)

by John Anderson and  
Loretta Johnson

**DIABLOS:** We revel in the Gothic atmosphere, steeped in tradition. The names inscribed in gold upon the walls move and inspire us to greater intellectual height. The awesome legacy of former scholars, who strode through this high-ceilinged hall, humbles us. The florid coat-of-arms above the mantelpiece, when not obscured by advertisements for future events, fills us with a strange, sordid lust. The...

We find solace in our coffee cards, and although the danishes are a delight, the muffins fill us with a slow, seething dread.

**INNIS PUB:** Wow, man, the Innis Pub is really groovy. All the cool cats drop by here on their way to a smoke. The hip factor has gone into orbit since that bald guy at the counter took a powder, but the loss of his music is a downer. The food is way cool if you can foot the bill. The coffee's hot, the muffins chill. The pasta's bad, it saps your will. But other than that you can eat your fill.

**KOS** (College and Bathurst): 2pm. Wake up. Need coffee. Stumble down to Kos. Much on TV. Crowded like subway. Service quick. Food cheap. Breakfast special \$4. Protein, starch, salt, caffeine and vitamin C.

**BISTRO 442** (College and Bathurst): 2pm. Wake up. Need coffee. Stumble down to 442. Small. Cramped. Sports on TV. Drafty heated patio. \$3 breakfast, from omelettes to crepes. No O.J. included.

**RIVOLI, QUEEN MUM:** Darling, they have a simply fabulous deal on cappuccino and cafe au lait, weekdays from 3 to 5. Almost half price! You really must try it out, it's so chic, so elegant, so swelegant. Let me take you there sometime after we visit the gallery. Did I tell you I write poetry?

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# Mercury Rev with Medicine: A Twisted Jamboree of Psychedelia

Opera House, Feb 1

by Minesh Mandoda

The opening band, Medicine, followed in the tradition of Kevin Shields of the band My Bloody Valentine and the Reid brothers from the Jesus & Mary Chain. This group blended a musical scene, a mixture ranging from good stuff to sloppy boring feedback, combined with pointless strumming, which didn't help their performance any.

The Mercury Rev portion, however, was a great show, as usual. The crowd enjoyed every bizarre moment of this twisted jamboree of sound. The lead vocalist, John Baker, left in the middle of "Frittening", off the stage, into the crowd, and later returned to the stage and sat down to enjoy the music, I suppose. This, complemented by Baker's floating arms and psychedelic movements and crazy vocal outburst, created a confusing stage presence.

It was rewarded with two unreleased tracks, "Joey" (the second song if you were there), and the final song, "When You Wish Upon a Star".

Mercury Rev consists of two guitarists, a bass player, a drummer, a flute player, a vocalist, and a keyboardist. All this, and an added element of intense emotional instability: the dislike of one another, quite clearly illustrating a Pink Floyd-esque feel. Originally from Buffalo, they have been touring in North America with My Bloody Valentine since last June or so, and throughout Europe until about a month ago. This second Toronto show in a year's span lived up to everything that the previous show did, so if you missed out, tough bricks. This relatively unknown group's career started a couple of Reading Festivals ago, where

the British music press quite simply adored their twisted talent. Since then, they have exploded onto the British music scene. Mercury Rev's discography includes two singles, "Car Wash Hair" and "Chasing a Bee", and two versions of their album Yerself is Steamed, a regular version, and a UK version which includes "Lego My Ego". The upcoming release, scheduled for April, was recorded in various places, including in a balloon and in a barn, just to name two.

This group is recommended to anyone with a trace of psychedelic drug still left in them. So have a trip, no doubt it will come true.

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# Mostly Harmless By Douglas Adams Fulfills Contractual Obligation

by John Anderson

You've probably read the interviews with Douglas Adams in the *Eyeopener*, the newspaper, the *Varsity*, and *Eye weekly*, but all those interviews, except the one in the *Eyeopener*, seem to miss an important point about the fifth Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy book. It is this: Douglas hates this series! There's a story that his editor had to force him to write, *So Long and Thanks for all the Fish*, with two weeks before the deadline. I can imagine the situation being the same here. When Adams says that he wrote *Mostly Harmless* because some loose ends preyed on his mind, what he means is that his publishers made him write it because it was time for a new book and they knew it would sell (hey, I bought a copy). This

novel is extremely dark and cynical, obviously influenced by Adams' trip around the world where he wrote about endangered species (in the extremely dark, cynical, and important *Last Chance to See...*).

There are a few clues to indicate that Adams wants to move on to other things. I loved *So Long and Thanks* a lot, but *Mostly Harmless* moves so slowly that I suspect Adams is trying to fill up some pages. He always moves the plot slowly - it's a trademark, like his elegant syntax - but here it moves too slowly.

Another clue is that halfway through the book, when Arthur and Ford finally meet, they start arguing; it's obvious that they hate each other. And when Trillian visits Arthur, they can't

find anything to say. Arthur is the only character that Adams seems to genuinely like; he is constantly portrayed sympathetically, as he finds peace making sandwiches, then is wrenched away to save the universe from the evil company that has taken over the Guide.

I have heard some people say that they don't understand the ending of this one, but I find it quite simple, even too simple, and I think it was made simple on purpose, because Adams didn't want anyone to mistake his intention. I won't give the ending away, but it's the third clue.

Anyway, Adams fans will enjoy this (I did), but I suspect that the next Dirk Gently novel will be better.

# Rage Against The Machine, a most hyped show

by Minesh Mandoda

Many critics claimed this January 17th Opera House show to be the most hyped show of 1993 so far. Which is probably true, since the Opera House was packed to capacity with people wondering and waiting to verify the hype. For the people who knew The Rage, it was like a dream come true, with the vocal intensity of Henry Rollins and a groove similar to Public Enemy. As for the others, well, a great surprise, to say the least.

Rage Against The Machine illustrated itself as raw and sometimes very aggressive, dedicated to continue to rage against any form of synthesized music.

As for the opening bands, local talent Sing Along With Tonto was a good facsimile of The Red Hot Chili Peppers, and a bit more interesting. Monster Voodoo Machine mixed Gothic and a Nitzer tb sound. Both created a crowd pleasing noise.

JAMBOREE OF SOUND

2nd Annual Innis Band Pub

FEATURING PROJECT 9

ALVY

PHOENIX PARK

AT INNIS COLLEGE ON FEB. 24. 93

ADMISSION \$4

DOORS OPEN AT 9:00 PM

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A FUNNY MESS OF SOUND AND ENTERTAINMENT ALL ROLLED UP IN ONE - IF YOU LOVE YOUR FUN, DON'T MISS OUT!

A SWINGING BAT, WITH GREAT VOCAL TALENT. SOMETHING WORTHWHILE TO SEE.

ROCK ROCK AT IT'S BEST. SO BE THERE.

## The Back Page

# Groundhog Day: The Official Story

by Dale Summers

What would you say to spending a single day over and over and over? This, of course, can't happen in our rigid version of reality, but get your hands on some odd screen writers, a director who is not quite there, and Bill Murray, and you just know reality is going to be thrown out the window. The result? Groundhog Day.

This film began with a very odd version of crowd control. The theatre was inundated with assorted knick-knacks that everyone just had to have. For the benefit of those who missed this exhibition (and having the benefit of mob psychology), the eager onlookers proceeded to 'lose it', all for the sake of white, highly destructable, non-recyclable mugs emblazoned with the movie's title. That is not to say that it was bad, it wasn't, it set up the atmosphere for the upcoming movie. And, I got a hat.

The beginning of the movie was like many others: it got dark, everyone whistled, then the previews of other movies began. But after that, Groundhog Day began with Bill Murray forecasting the weather on a Pittsburg T.V. station. Almost from the word "Go", you realize that he is playing an obnoxious, egocentric, full of himself 'star', who has got the unbelievable task of covering Groundhog Day festivities in Puxatwaney, Pennsylvania, where that famous "squirrel" lives.

The first thirty minutes are by far the slowest, but I believe the reason is simply due to the necessity of setting the stage for upcoming days by giving us the full story of the real day first. Understand? No? Well, if you look at it this way, you realize that this day is boring, nothing happens except the festival, and Bill Murray

is happy to leave when it's all said and done. But here's the catch: They can't get back to the city because of a snowstorm! HA! At this point, the whole cycle begins again. Bill wakes up at precisely 6 a.m. (again). This time, not quite sure what's going on, he goes through the same day again but, (this is where it gets good), he realizes that if he does anything, anything at all, he will just wake up at 6 a.m. again and start the day all over. This leads to some outrageous behaviour, from outright taking advantage of women, to stealing from Brinks trucks, to taking \$1000 piano lessons, ice sculpting and killing himself several times.

Not to mislead you. Each day does not run exactly the same nor is each a parody of the last. Au contraire! Thought has gone into this one! Only juicy bits of

the following days are shown, and they serve notice that Bill Murray is having a good time (albeit trapped there).

For those of you who like a good romance, Groundhog Day is a surprise. The quasi-conflict between Murray's character and the babe who played in Greencard (and assorted Clairol eyelash commercials) (ed's note: that's Andie McDowell he's talking about, folks) turns into a quest to win her love in one day. How he goes about this is hilarious, but also quite moving, because you realize that the self-centered, egotistical bastard we saw at the beginning has changed; he has become a loving person.

To make a long story short, Bill goes through a multitude of character personas, all outrageously funny. Oh, does he get the girl at the end of this temporal loop? Go see it. Groundhog Day is worth the eight bucks.

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# HEY YOU!!!

## Write for the Innis Herald!

**You, yes You, can be part of our winning team, gain valuable connections, and impress your friends by having your name in print!!**

**We want fiction, opinions, reviews, poetry, cartoons, drawings, random thoughts, satire, etc, etc.! Starting next issue the Innis Herald will have an Anonymous section. If anything really pisses you off, tell us about it, and you don't have to sign your name! (please note that we will not print anything racist, sexist, homophobic, agist, stupid, etc, in keeping with our mandate -- read the Letters to the Editor section).**

**Please type all submissions, or at least try to write legibly**

!

## NEXT DEADLINE: MARCH 5!!!

**Please hand submissions in to the Innis Herald office, Innis College (corner of St. George & Sussex), room 305 (west wing), or to the Innis Herald mailbox, in room 127 (east wing).**